

"Mothers' Friend"

Makes CHILD BIRTH EASY.

COLVIN, LA., Dec. 2, 1886. My wife used "MOTHERS' FRIEND" before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.—DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express or mail, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Book "Mothers' Friend" mailed free. Sold by all Druggists.

BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

LAPSES OF IDENTITY.

PEOPLE WHO STRANGELY DISAPPEAR FOR LONG PERIODS.

When They Reappear to Their Friends, They Have No Memory of Their Wanderings—Cases of a Tinsmith and a Lawyer Related by Dr. Osborne.

A paper entitled "People Who Drop Out of Sight," by Dr. A. E. Osborne, superintendent of a home for children at Glen Ellen, Cal., was read at a recent meeting of the Medico-Legal society at the Academy of Medicine, New York. After speaking of mysterious disappearances in general and the usual inability to account for them, the paper gave several instances which the author says happened to persons and under circumstances well known to him.

The first case was that of a man of middle age, "in rugged health and free from any inherited neuropathic taint."

He was a plumber by trade and lived in a town near Philadelphia. He was prosperous and was neither overworked nor the victim of business troubles. His family life was harmonious, and he had no bad habits. The Sunday on which he disappeared he had been in the house all day, reading and playing with his children. About 4 o'clock he got up from the lounge on which he lay, changed his house jacket for an ordinary business coat and told his wife he was going out for a short walk. He stepped into the street and suddenly disappeared, as if he had vanished into air.

Although a conspicuous figure in the town, and although the streets were crowded, he was seen by nobody. His absence continuing, the next day an exhaustive search was made for him. But nothing could be learned. There was absolutely no trace of him, either in the town or in the surrounding country. In due course the business was disposed of and the family moved to Chicago, giving up all hope of finding a clew to the man's disappearance.

One day two years later a number of men were working at their trade in a tinsmith in one of the far southern states. Suddenly one of them dropped his work and clasped his hands to his head.

"My God!" he cried, looking about dazedly, "where am I? How did I get here? This isn't my shop! Where am I? What does it mean?"

His companions were at first disposed to laugh, but when they saw the man's changed expression, the heads of sweat on his brow and his nervous twitching, they knew he was not drunk, but under the influence of some great emotion. They spoke to him, but he insisted that the name they called him by was not his. At last he made his way to the boss of the shop and tried to explain about his family and his business in the north. The boss was incredulous. He knew the man as a wandering tinsmith who had drifted into the town seeking work at his trade and whom he had employed. He had proved to be a trustworthy and skilled workman, and no further inquiry had been made.

"Under a fictitious name," Dr. Osborne says in his paper, "the man had been known to his companions and had been paid. He remembered nothing of the past during his period of employment, but at last a dim recollection had come to him of that fateful Sunday—his rising to go out, his promise to return soon—and then all was a blank. He had no money, although he had worked steadily in his shop and had received good wages. At the last accounts I had of him he was at Chicago, living his normal life. Somewhat mystified over his realization of the strange feeling in which he figured, although feeling well and apparently in mental balance, he realized that he has been the central figure in some overstrange mental phenomenon quite mysterious enough to make him at times doubt his sanity."

Dr. Osborne's second case he speaks of thus: "A similar case occurred to the resident of another town near Philadelphia. This man, whom we shall designate as X, was a lawyer, a prominent politician—a former member of congress. I believe—a man of fine oratorical powers and of brilliant attainments."

"One day he got up from his desk, leaving his lawbooks open at the pages he had been consulting, and stepped outside for a few moments. He disappeared. In due course vigorous search was instituted, reservoirs and streams were dragged for his body on the presumption that he had committed suicide, and, in short, all the means that money and influence would put into operation were employed, but in vain. Not the slightest clew was obtained. His domestic affairs were well known to be most happy. He was abstemious in his habits and more devoted to his profession than to society. The hue and cry of premeditated flight was dispelled by the discovery of his unlocked desk, over which were scattered papers and a mass of unfinished work. His accounts were all right, and among his papers were found unopened checks amounting to several thousand dollars.

"After several months had passed word came through official channels that X was in Australia and had applied to a representative of our government to establish his identity and procure means for his transportation home. It was some time before his family were fully satisfied of his presence in that far-off country under such startling circumstances—broken in health, penniless and unable to give a definite account of how he got there."

"X finally established his identity. His passage money was forwarded, and in due season he arrived in this country. He went direct to his former home,

and after a short period for recuperation took up the practice of his profession and was, as he has continued to be up to the last information I have had of him, his former normal self. How he had disappeared he was unable to say. He knew nothing until he came to himself aboard a steamer nearing an Australian port."

KEEP A STIFF LOWER LIP.

It is the Teltale One, and the Upper Lip Can Take Care of Itself.

"I can't understand," said a young lady of observation, "why you men, who see so much and know so much, persist in the phrase, 'Keep a stiff upper lip.' You use it as a sort of picturesque synonym for firmness of purpose and demeanor, but it has no value as such. The upper lip is not the weak member of the two. It is the under lip that wants stiffening. The upper lip is practically expressionless. It usually lies flat on the teeth, it is nearly always covered with a mustache—I refer, of course, to the male upper lip—and in conversation, especially in correctly languid conversation, it does not move at all. Like the Chinese joss, it's a harmless creature and can be safely left alone."

"It is the nether lip that has to be watched and controlled. I can always tell when a man is going to propose to me by the way in which he wets his under lip and presses it against the upper for companionship and support, just the very things he is seeking for. And I can always tell if a man is lying by a peculiar fluctuation and pulsation in this same lower lip. He will look you right straight in the eye, grow fierce and drop his voice into his boots through the weight of his emotion, but if there is that twitch about the lower lip I don't believe him, and I've never been wrong yet. If a man feels deeply, I mean feels sorrow, not affects it, it is in the tremulousness of the under lip that he shows it. The sensitive man's lower lip is seldom still, and there is sometimes about it a positive pulsation that takes in the whole curve of the chin. The point begins in the lower lip and is really continued to the upper lip is only pushed out by pressure from below. You can't put with your upper lip alone."

"In fact, you can't assume or affect any expression with the upper lip alone. Just try it. Hold the lower lip firm with the finger and look in the glass there. The mouth has become simply a hole in the face, you see, and so far as the expressive character of the lip goes it is as if you had lost a feature."

"If you want to keep back a smile, it's the lower lip that you must look after. Weakness begins there, whether of character, health or age. It is not the weak upper lip that tells of downfall. It is the drooping, pendulous lower lip that shows it. And let me tell you something, please, for the benefit of my sisters who have not had the advantage of the experience that I have. Tell them that whenever they see the lower lip of their male companions turn out and over thickly that it's a danger signal. It's the red flag of mischief, and they had better say goodbye. Keep a stiff lower lip, young man."—New York Sun.

WAF'S SAVING.

A Noteworthy Gathering to Be Held in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 27.—The convention of the Waf's Saving associations of America, of which General Russell A. Alger is president, which is to be held in this city Nov. 8, promises to be a noteworthy gathering. It is probable that steps will be taken toward an affiliation with the free kindergarten and other kindred organizations.

There will be a public meeting in the evening of Nov. 8, in Carnegie hall. On Nov. 9 the delegates will be entertained in various ways, and there will be a reception from 3 to 6 o'clock, at the new hotel, a fine institute recently erected by popular subscription, at a cost of over \$40,000.

Crop is a terror to young mothers. To post them concerning the first symptoms, and treatment, is the object of this item. The first indication of crop is hoarseness. In a child who is subject to crop it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child comes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

The free and unlimited coinage of silver, the product of American mines, at the old ratio of 16 of silver to 1 of gold, is the only solution of and remedy for the disturbed and unsatisfactory condition of trade, manufacture and general business of the country.

The surreptitious act of 1873, divorcing silver and gold in our monetary system, was a crime of untold magnitude. It was the rankest kind of class legislation in favor of the wealthy against the producers of wealth, and hostile to the prosperity of the United States. It was an act of treason because done at the instance of a European syndicate and for bribe money, "giving aid and comfort to our country's enemies." To shield the guilty parties, the well authenticated facts, often published, have been vigorously denied.

The Enquirer will continue to expose this unpardonable crime until right and justice are done the people by the full restoration of silver to its old companionship with gold. We need the assistance of the people in disseminating the truth, to which end we invite all in your selection of papers for the coming season to include the Enquirer, that costs only \$1.00 a year. (Issued twice a week.)

Liberal commissions and cash rewards given to club raisers. Sample copies free. ENQUIRER COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

ST. JACOBS OIL is the Perfect CURE for RHEUMATISM.

WITHOUT RELAPSE, COLLAPSE, MISHAPS or PERHAPS.

"WHAT IT ALL MEANS."

Each eye she meets me at the gate. Her brow has rows on it. And for one kiss she gives me eight. (That means a summer bonnet.)

Each dish that meets my eye The table has upon it. And 'Dear, try this, and this,' she cries. (That means a summer bonnet.)

My slippers always are in sight. My smoking pipe is right. She strokes my hair, 'You're tired to-night.' (That means a summer bonnet.)

Such kind attentions! Never saw 'em! The likes! Heaven's blessing on it! God bless both wife and mother-in-law. (That means a summer bonnet.)

—Ethel Kerr in Home and Country.

FOR THE WEARY FEET.

Some of the Evils of Tight Shoes and How to Cure Them.

A man who has made the human foot an object of research and study declares that short stockings are very nearly as injurious as short shoes. Hose of insufficient length press the knuckles of the toes upward, and when the shoe forces them down the natural result is a painful excrescence that vulgar folks designate as a corn.

"But surely you don't consider an ill fitting stocking the cause of bunions, do you?" I inquired.

"One of them," he replied. "Corns are the result of pressure. You see, the blood is forced from the sebaceous glands; therefore an excessive or unnatural quantity of oil is thrown off. This disease the blood, and the oil forces its way to the surface of the toe. As it reaches the cuticle it evaporates, leaving the top layer hard. Layer upon layer of oil forms downward and deepens until it presses on a nerve. Corns have no roots. That idea is fallacious. But they cannot be cured until an instrument goes beneath all those layers of diseased oil and removes them. A soft corn is more easily treated and is largely the result of acid in the blood."

"After a corn has been removed find out literally where the shoe pinches, then bathe the feet in cold water every morning upon arising and rub the part with prepared chalk."

My informant added that for dry feet always use ice cold water; for moist feet inclined to perspire freely, the water as hot as the skin can stand it, and bathe just before retiring. If the feet swell after much walking, put a little vinegar in the hot water; if they ache, use a few drops of ammonia or borax. Rest the feet often. To do this change the shoes as frequently as possible. Even from an old to a new shoe is a rest. The muscles of the foot tire of one position, no matter how easy the leather or last may be. Four or five times a day, if it is convenient, are none too often to take this trouble, and its benefits are astonishing.

Ingrowing nails are the result of the corners being cut too close, allowing the

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular to mention no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove slugs, boils, skin eruptions, other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at D. J. Humphrey's drugstore.

Growing Walking Sticks.

The cultivation of material for walking sticks is carried on in quite an extensive scale in some parts of Europe, and special attention is often paid to making the roots grow into shapely forms for handles. While in London last

year I went in to a manufacturing establishment, the floor space of which covers nearly an acre. This concern has stores filled with native and foreign sticks, from which stock is drawn as wanted for the shops. The sticks as they grow are often very crooked and have to be straightened. A heap of sand is piled on the top of a hot stove, into which the sticks are plunged until they become pliable. The workman takes the crooked stick while it is yet hot and inserts it in a notch cut in a stout board, placed at an angle inclined from him, where he bends and strains it. When it has become perfectly straight, it is thrown down to cool, after which it becomes rigid and permanent in its lines. The same power which makes a crooked stick straight is applied to make a straight one crooked. All the various kinds of sticks that are required to be curled or twisted are, by the application of heat, made to assume almost any shape or form.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Perils of Politics.

"My friend," said the candidate for sheriff of Cheyenne, drawing a one-eyed stranger close to his means of livelihood, "do you want to make \$5 easy to-night?"

"Yes."

"All right. When I say in my speech, 'Is there a man among you who will do this statement?' you jump to your feet in the rear of the hall and shout: 'Yes, sir, I will. You are a liar, and I can prove it!' and read from this clipping. Then I will call you down and make you ridiculous, but you will get the V nevertheless. Is it a go?"

"None."

"Why not?"

Syllabiatic.

Forty years since "Porte Crayon" was down on Albermarle sound and told a native that there were men with months eight inches wide. The native declared that was a fish story. Porte reproved him for his incredulity and pointed out that deductions from known facts proved this statement. "We know," he said, "that oysters must be eaten whole. We know that there are oysters eight inches across the minor dimension. Therefore there must be mouths eight inches wide to take them in, or the beautiful chain of harmony in the universe is broken."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Not a Secret.

He placed his hand upon his heart. "You cannot imagine," he protested, "what a terrible load I carry and yet give no sign to the world."

"Believe me," she faltered, "the world knows."

A subtle something in the way she raised her hand, her cheek to her face, impelled him to surreptitiously take another clove or two.—Detroit Tribune.

A Probable Source.

"Funny idea the ancients had, wasn't it, of giving a dead man money to take to the next world with him?"

"I wonder if that was how the expression 'money to burn' originated?"—Indianapolis Journal.

John Ziska, the one-eyed chief of the Hussites, ordered in his will that his skin should be tanned and made into a drum. "The noise which my skin will make," said he, "will frighten away all our enemies and put them to flight."

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